

GREEKS OF BRUSSA VALLEY.

Christians Who Have Been Settled for Two Centuries in Turkey.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 4.—In the course of a few weeks the tourist season in the Levant will be in full swing. Every spring thousands of tourists visit Brussa, principally to try the famous hot mineral water, to see the sights of Brussa and to enjoy the exquisitely lovely views of the valley.

This year one of the quaint Oriental sights will be lacking, because the bazaars have been destroyed by fire. The famous beautiful Green Mosque, however, is still in view, and of itself would repay a visit to the ancient capital of Ottoman and Mount Olympus—the Anatolian one—still from the city.

The ordinary tourists who visit the lovely and fertile valley of Brussa see only a small portion of its beauties and learn nothing of the history of its inhabitants, and yet these inhabitants are a study of themselves. I refer especially to the Moraito Greeks settlers.

The progenitors of these Peloponnesians were brought to Turkey two hundred years ago to tend the Sultan's flocks of sheep and pasture them either in the valleys of Brussa and Mihaltiz, or on the mountains of the Olympian range, wherever good pasture could be found. In due course these shepherds took unto themselves wives; and Greek families grew apace. They, being under the special protection of the sovereign, lived in perfect security.

This race of Greeks has remained in Brussa valley ever since. They bear all the characteristics in speech, manners, feature and religion of their ancestors. Thus you will find in every one of their villages an Orthodox Greek, and fully equipped with priest, candle lighter, psalter, schoolmaster and church warden (ephor).

The priest and schoolmaster are paid by tithes on the produce of the fields, and as a rule the priest carries on some other business to make ends meet. In fact, living in this district are not fat, and as Goldsmith would say, "They would be passing rich on forty pounds a year."

The priests christen, marry and bury the members of their flock. Beyond that they are also charged with the blessing of the harvest and flocks; and one curious sight which I witnessed is worthy of note. Early one Sunday morning all the sheep, goats, cows and mares belonging to the villagers were assembled in a field close by. The priest, in full canonicals, came down, and with a bunch of hyssop and holy water besprinkled and blessed each individual animal.

These Greeks have kept themselves entirely apart from the Mussulmans and they were aided in so doing, as also in retaining their national characteristics, by the fact that the Sultan apportioned a large tract of splendidly fertile land to the valley to his shepherds and their families. By that, in nine times as many as in Paris and six times as many as in London, although London is three and one-half times as large.

These lands are still held entirely by the descendants of the original Moraito shepherds, and in this district there sprang up seven goodly villages known as the Pistia (believers' villages). The village of Gouroukli, which is the first of these settlements out of Brussa, has a history of its own and boasts among other things that up to a very few years ago no Turk was known to enter the village.

Some of the villagers were always on guard and if a Turk was seen approaching too near—well, his earthly journey soon came to an end and he was started on a heavenly one. Even to this day the Gouroukliots do not look with favor on their Mussulman fellow subjects and strongly object to their pottering about the village.

The result of these somewhat drastic measures has been to preserve their ancient language; and to-day the women of Gouroukli cannot speak Turkish. At the next Christian village, Balukli, close by, there such strict watch and ward was not kept, the women folk speak nothing but Turkish, so much so that the services in the Orthodox Greek church are carried on in Turkish. As a rule, in these villages of the Believers the language is Greek, but it is spoken with such an accent and intermingled with so much ancient Greek that it is difficult to understand.

After these shepherds had settled they seem to have abandoned their pastoral habits and started agriculture and viticulture, but now the greater part of the land is planted with the large leaved mulberry tree, and the people devote themselves to sericulture, which is principally carried on by the women, and the primitive manners of these worthy women carry one's imagination back to bygone ages.

From the beginning of May to the end of June every house is vacated by its usual occupants and given up to the silk worms, the people sleeping out of doors until the worms finish spinning their cocoons.

A night spent at Tchatal Aglihan during the time of transporting the cocoons seems to be highly interesting to tourists. Tchatal Agli is the village midway from Brussa to Mihaltiz, and the carts conveying the cocoons stop here about midnight for two or three hours to rest the horses, and then drive on in companies, for security's sake, to Brussa. I have seen as many as 1,200 of these carts, each carrying about two hundredweight of cocoons, pass through Tchatal in one night. The bustle and confusion at the Hane—there are only two at Tchatal—can better be imagined than described.

That no serious disturbances take place speaks volumes for the people, especially when one takes into consideration the fact that police are as scarce at Tchatal as they are in the suburbs of London or New York when particularly wanted.

To return to our subject. The cocoons, arriving at Brussa, are at once sold, and with all despatch are sent to the spinning factories, where they are immediately put into hot ovens, and the chrysalis in the cocoon is killed before it has time to bore its way out of its prison to come forth in the shape of moth.

Some of these spinning mills are worth a visit, as the delicate process of winding the silk of the cocoon is highly interesting. The cocoons are thrown into boiling water, and when the silk films are sufficiently soft three or four of them at a time are taken in the hands of the women operators, who keep the revolving reels supplied with silk film. These girls display wonderful dexterity and quickness in joining any broken strands, and their nimble fingers work with lightning speed.

Nearly all the women, young Greek and Armenian girls from the villages round about, some of the mills employ two to three hundred of these girls, who wear short skirts of native made cotton stuff, and most of them adorn themselves with chains of gold coins hung around their necks or dangling on their foreheads, giving a very picturesque appearance to the workrooms.

During the time they are in Brussa they are housed within the precincts of the mill and are jealously guarded by their employers. It is indeed a pleasure to see the happy smiling faces of these factory girls; contentment pervades their deportment, and there is a serene air of self-respect and

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Banquet of a Versifier.

Wake! For the redning East proclaims the Morn:
This day in me a New Resolve is born.
No more my Muse shall slumber unthought,
Nor shiver my Fingers at the cold frost-brought.
I'll strive to write, and I'll strive to write,
Till I have made my name a household word.

Whether from Boston or Manhattan's side,
Whether the page with Thought or Tear beguile,
My Poems shall be written by the pen,
I plainly see that I must change my Style.

Each Morn an Inspiration brings. Ah, well!
Henceforth, I shall bid 'Tales of Laughter tell;
Tough not on Death, or Sin, or Deep, or High,
But play the Fool. The 'Tragic will not sell.

I'll dip my pen and to the tune of Spring
One sprightly Lyric to the world bring.
And I shall write with a pen of gold,
For 'tis the present Fashion so to sing.

Some write for Glory and go hungry; some
Toll for Remembrance in the years to come.
I'll take the Cash, and I'll write the Poem,
Better to live on Pie than chew a Crumb.

Perhaps some Genius with his Burrowing Pen
May score his name on the Hearts of Men.
May I have the Cash, and I'll write the Poem,
Perhaps he may, Perhaps—but then—but then—

Thais, come! And thou, too, Momus, speed!
My bill and my pen shall meet my need.
Delighting in me and your gifts bestow,
That I may write what All the World will read.

THE FAITHFUL PROOFREADER'S EPILOGUE.
His Foot
P. Reader:
Who ne'er from good deeds held aloof,
And never did a mean one do.

He never passed a day without a proof,
And never applied a "clean" one.
The comma, hyphen, colon, too,
And the dot, and the dash, and the true.

He penned with ardor fervent,
He gladly read the stiffest "take."
No detail ever slighting,
But labored patiently to make
"The reading like a feast."

He never ceased the editor
His way was much the better:
P. Reader was the creditor,
The editor his debtor.

'Twas not acknowledged here below—
Now he is gone to where it is
Is said we've all an equal show
And never applied a "clean" one.

His work is ended here on earth—
He got free of the prize.
Now that Great Reader knows his worth,
Who marks our last "revise."

He never passed a day without a proof,
He never passed a day without a proof.
He laid the wisp—now comes the wood:
God send it be no more one!

A FROLIC WITH THE VAGABOND BOYS.
The night owl is hooting "To-whit" and "To-who!"
Where the slender church steeple looms in the twilight.
And I'm romping along with my comrades to-night.

"Hullo!" comes a cheery voice from the old street:
"Hullo!" and "Hullo!" echoes the old street.
Then a cavalcade swoops to the jolly refrain,
And the village green's population is all there again.

It's "Beard the red lion," "Pomp-pomp pull away!"
"It's 'Beard the red lion," "Pomp-pomp pull away!"
"It's 'Beard the red lion," "Pomp-pomp pull away!"
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A dog scurries swift off the face of the moon:
The form disappears, and the voice is still.
Ah! then from my dreams I awaken too soon—
The city sleeps, and the stars are still.

THE SONG OF THE SEASON.
From the London Daily News.
Fair wakes the world in the golden dawn of April,
Flashed with happy dreams to the young heart's
Frolic, like her, from a dew bath in the daisies,
Winked with her eyes, and her hair was in the daisies.

Low winds breathe the breathing of the roses:
Dew drops and dew from their hidden blissful
Soft, low soft, comes the sighing of the summer,
Over thyme where the brown bees hide,
White, low soft, comes the sighing of the summer,
Over thyme where the brown bees hide.

Earth and sun are wed at the year's nuptials,
Merry laughter and red round the year's nuptials,
Glad with gold of harvest and ruddy glow of
Sown, how soon, come the signs of death and
Last leaves falling on the wood paths wet,
Yet to-day with gladness, with shout and song
Earth beholds her fruit in the year's sunset.

From the London Daily News.
Babe, be good to daddy—
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Did Pontius Pilate commit suicide? What authority.

The last appearance of the procurator of Judea in profane history was when he was elected to Rome in 37 to answer for his administration of his province, and in particular to justify his cruelities in dealing with the Jews. He was elected to Rome in 37 to answer for his administration of his province, and in particular to justify his cruelities in dealing with the Jews.

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POLITICAL NOTES.

Mr. Black says the "Bitter One" in the Russian tongue.

King Edward has nine motor cars.
Prince Louis Napoleon is a General in the Russian Army. This is not a reminder of Moscow, 1812.

In 1900 we sold to Cuba goods to the value of \$7,200,000 and bought from her \$1,720,000. Last year we sold to Cuba goods to the value of \$8,850,000, and we exported to Cuba \$1,560,812.

Rufus Bullock, the only Republican ever elected Governor of Georgia and who played a conspicuous part in the reconstruction period, is now spending his declining days in the village of Albion, N. Y., his boyhood home.

Senator Gorman's seat in the United States Senate was formerly occupied by Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, Lincoln's great and unsuccessful rival, and the early political precursor and mentor of Gorman. Douglas made Gorman, when a lad of 13, a Senate page.

Gorman is so old that many of his old friends do not believe he will return to his seat in the Senate. Chauncey F. Black in 1880, speaking of Gorman's defeat of the Force bill, said:

"It is possible that in time, at some general election not now anticipated, the Democratic party, to which has been committed the keeping of free institutions in this country, may be forced to the unpalatable necessity of this instance by Arthur P. Gorman and his knightly associates in the Senate, who, though equal, chivalrously accepted and obeyed his leadership for the common good; but it is not likely. It is a service which will grow in good place, and as the years roll on, and as the blessings of self government, thus saved, shall become more and more apparent."

Mr. Black also said of Gorman at that time: "Nor is this the first time Mr. Gorman has saved the Democratic party from disaster. He has done so in the election of President Cleveland and in the defeat of the monopoly plot to control him out and defraud the people of their choice, as in 1877, comes to be fully written it will be a chapter of extraordinary revelation. But for his order, issued on the day and night until it should be acknowledged, the country would not have been aroused to the machinations of the monopolists until it was too late, and the people would have been placed, where Tilden was. The real leader of '84 was the self-same leader of '90, who now, upon the higher stage, and in full view of an anxious country, has shown, in admirable development, the sagacity and foresight of his resolution, so commingled as to make the almost perfect political chieftain."

Gorman never liked Cleveland and Cleveland couldn't abide Gorman. Yet it was Gorman who in a personal conversation several years ago acquitted Cleveland of the charge of ingratitude to William C. Whitney after the latter's death.

Whitney had nominated Cleveland and engineered the campaign. After the triumph of a story was circulated that Cleveland had turned his back on Whitney. Many in the inner circles of the Democratic party believe this to be the case.

As a matter of fact Cleveland wrote a letter to Whitney offering him any place within his gift, either at home or abroad. Whitney couldn't speak of the letter for publication, but he showed it to Gorman, whose only reply was:

"I didn't think old Pepper had it in him to write such a letter."

Later on Gorman told the story of Cleveland's offer to Whitney to a few of his intimates.

Gorman's illness recalls another hitherto unrecorded incident. He and the late Dan Voorhees, for many years United States Senator for Indiana and the original Simon pure "Tail Smeared of the Wash," were opposed to Cleveland's nomination at Chicago in 1892.

Two nights before Cleveland was nominated Voorhees and a bunch of Indiana delegates and several delegates from other States called on Whitney. In a forty-five minute talk the delegates declared that he, Whitney, was the only man who could reconcile the warring New York State factions and that he must permit his name to go before the convention.

Two weeks ago like tiny snags rose in Whitney's cheeks as he peremptorily cut Voorhees short.

"That'll do, Voorhees," he said. "I'm here for Cleveland. You know it. Let's have no more of this kind of thing. I don't know and didn't know of this episode until long afterward."

John J. Cummings of Syracuse is a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor on the Democratic State ticket this fall. He is 40 and began life selling newspapers and now he is at the head of one of the largest corporations in the State, the Syracuse Lighting Company, which he founded with the aid of his father-in-law, John J. Cummings.

Ten days before President Roosevelt delivered his speech on "The Man With the Muck Rake" Representative Longworth delivered a speech with the same title at Chicago, but then the President's son-in-law heard his father-in-law deliver the Muck Rake speech minus the progressive income tax for the first time in the history of the Gridiron Club in Washington early in March.

President Roosevelt believes that a man who reads trusts.

"Back to the people" is to be Bryan's campaign slogan in 1908.

John F. Gagnor, just convicted of conspiracy to defraud the Federal Government, was treasurer of the Democratic State committee of New York in 1896. He remarked after Bryan's overwhelming defeat:

"The party's assets in the State are a barrel of Bryan buttons."

Mrs. Henry Watterson now denies that he said "Bryan will control the next Democratic convention." Mrs. Henry Watterson said that what he did say was that the "Bryan and Hearst forces, united, would probably be able to control the next Democratic convention."

L. E. Petrie, a Clarksville, Ark., merchant, just 21 years old, has been elected Mayor of that city in the fall campaign. He had no intention of becoming a candidate until the day before election, when some young friends persuaded him to run.

Was Tammany an Algonquin, Iroquois, Oneida, Onondaga, Attapetuck, or a Cayuga, Seneca, Shawanoe, Wyandot, Mohican, Huron, Cherokee, Narragansett, Ojibwa, Chickasaw, Catawba, Dakota, Delaware, Chinook, Shoshone, Tuscarora, Uchee, Sabapin, Chickamauch, Leni Lenape?

NO FLESH POTS FOR CONNOR.
On "Fodder" Diet He Hops, Skips and Jumps Past His Rivals.

None of the flesh pots of Egypt, nor of the Washington lunch rooms, for Lewis Connor, a rising young athlete of the Washington (D. C.) high school.

Plain grains, fruits and nuts, says Good Health, are his selections when preparing to reach for the laurel wreath. Mr. Connor's prowess on the cinder path and in the jumping pit have created a furore in Washington athletic circles.

In summarizing the work of Connor it will be found that out of the fifteen or more events in which he has entered he has won eight, finished second in three, and run third in one, making thirty the total number of times he has been placed in his entire career.

During all of Connor's work in the high school he attended a school and worked at the office from 7 o'clock in the morning until twelve at night. At the end of the second year, by permission of Principal Wilson, he studied during the summer of 1905, and he took an excellent course, which qualified him for the fourth class. Last spring he graduated among the first of his class, and as an athlete

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